Chapter I.

page 1, ist paragraph.. Why do you not use " " around your father's words in the letter to his friend? I notice this style in many places and I think it is confsuing to the reader . When you use another person's words Ithink theyshould be set apart. To me it should have "s through the ist para. on page2. and again in the 3rd para. beginning" it is the finest.... America," Vernon wrote.

7. line 6 should end with Germany and begin a new sentence, Returning to Stanford .....

8. Quotes around "i have often..... charming."

9. I think you should break your para. here and start the next with ~~Father~~ Father later became a dedicated.....

Chater II

Page 1. Please use quotes to Commencement" Then insert the word about Miss Sutliffe and begain " with "But... asphalt floor..."

2. Should you not number your *? It makes the reference easier (I see you do later!)?

3. second para. YOu do not make the transission to Hoover clear. YOu say he met Hoover and then skip to the quotation re China (Incidentally, I wastouched by the fact that you quoted from my book!). YOu should someway tie Hoover more closely to Vernon's interest in his career. This is just my reaction. I leave it to your judgement and skill to do it! And one more things. When you use a quote within a quote it is customary to use a sngle'.. ..'/

and when you get back from the description of Hoover in relation to Stanford. It might be well to do something like Vernon found Stanford, which is about 30 miles south of San Francisco situated near the small village of Palo Alto (now a city of some 56,000 . and then go onas you have yourtext...

N.B. I do not mean to indicate italics - I just underlined my suggested change

5. Use quotes around Ruth's speech to Naomi

6. The format for titles is Out West which means italics,not quotes. Then use quotes around the Kellogg article.

10 9. I would break this into two para..s beginnign After the poet's suicide...

III.

(6) line 3. I have always been taught to say Sierra ,not Sierras. The range is Sierra Nevada, not plural

IV. (2) Again -- to my mind quotes are needed in last para... "The motion... ... WAR."

(7) I think it would make easeir reading if you broke the first para. into two, beginning with A baron

Hoover's Belgium story?

V. (4) and (5). Why did you delete theincident relating toyour mother's safety? I think it adds reality and color to your story

(6) I think you can relate Dr. Hale better by reversing the order. USe the interesting conversations first and then say

(In another para) something to the effect that contact with men like Dr. Hahe made
m Vernon appreciatie importance of what he had learned in Germany.

; line(19) I think it would be more dramatic ifyou made a separate para.
of the last sentence in this line and (20)

XIII This is a particularly charming chapter, with great significance for
Frost fans!

P6 ¶2 no end to "—. If regarded lightly out of " ", (dismissed?) change

10 l6 change is to if and change , after "at all" to —
11 ¶1 maiden lady? (young woman = more up to date)
P12 ¶1 nonexpectant (K) "not expecting" better - But is bal of ss nec?
P13 ¶1 found Stanford (X it wasn't lost!)
P14 ¶1 B "father later mentioned"
P16 B "vainly" contradcts "unobserved"
P18 B "revisit Carmel" ref. to opening where only Monterey & P6 are mentioned
P26 ¶3 "later ... they felt the land rise" change
"In this manner"
P40 B "the abalone mollusk" change to "abalone shell"
P41 ¶1 B Lumiere of "myself" = "me"
P42 ¶2 ¶3 ¶4 use beg; "for each new ¶ in " " or else indent whole " "
P45 l1 "conveniently arranged for" = meaningless
P46 B change ; to , after "own times"
P47 1st l omit "rightly"
¶2 m "past, already" (K) "always"?
P50 ¶3 lss (K) ss - recast
P51 B Pt Arena - 1st mention
P55 ¶2 lss "centers of ... delicacy"? recast
P57 ¶2 "Had its consequ" K
¶3 ss1 K
"on at once over"
P69 ss2 "Besides his - - - in research" non sequitor
P69 ¶1 ll "tried to sell newsp the idea" change to "to convince newsp that"
P69 ¶4 lss "in prac ... unimp" meaning x clear
P70 ¶2 lss change "he must have" to "he may have"
P71 ¶1 ll "among"; must be "along"?

P72 ll "from where" = "from which"

P75 ¶1 "lacustrine" (out of harmony)

¶2 l1 (all steep slopes descend abruptly)

l2 "appellative" (same as lacus. above)

l3 is this a roof over street?

l4 "sandstone banks" ambig

P76 ¶2m "my eyes to her" ambig

P77 ¶2l2 moraine (sp)

¶ l1 "mother rejoined --- myself" → "mother joined father + me" (better)

P79 ¶ 2B "remembered" → remembered reading? hearing?

P81 ¶2 source of " "s? source of comment?

P85 last ¶ (K) SS

P90 m w/o any reaction from you, dog story doesn't say much

P95 ¶2m built there at their own expense if you think needed (and paid for) doesn't say it – its customary to pay for

P96 ¶1B last SS "certain dom. progs" = meaningless. Better say 'established R F C which - - -' whatever it did) + leave New Deal out

¶2 NOT CLEAR nor is *"— — —"

P98 ¶4 ll "potential too astrolv"? not clear

P99 —— long " "s see P42

P100 ¶2 ll change or to of

¶3 ll "principles false revenge" !! X rewrite

P101 who says?

P102 l1 ubiquitous (sp)

P104 ¶3 "(Sadly), she died" NO!

P107 l¶ "another event of imp" rewrite

P108 lSS "Robert had said" (K)

P111 l3 change "himself" to "him"

A MEMOIR OF TWO AMERICANS

CHARLOTTE AND VERNON KELLOGG

or

THE LOSS of a GOLDEN AGE

by

Jean Kellogg Dickie

Dickie

Dedicated to

Vernon and Charlotte Kellogg

"Lo, these large ancestors have left a trace of their
strong souls in mine, defying Death and Time".

H. H. Boyesan

Dickie

TABLE of CONTENTS

I. V.L.K.

II. Stanford

III. Carmel

IV. In and Out of Florence

V. Headquarters Nights

VI. The Picture Changes

VII. Switzerland and the League - part I

Switzerland and the League - part II

VIII. Washington D.C. - part I

Washington D.C. - part II

Washington D.C. - part III

IX. Interlude

X. An Institute of Living

XI. Memoires Polonais - part I

Memoires Polonais - part II

Memoires Polonais - part III

XII. Carmel Highlands

Acknowledgments

Bibliography V.L.K. C.K.

Index

Photographs (mostly unpublished)

Dickie

CHAPTER OUTLINE

I. V.L.K.

Vernon L. Kellogg's Kansas boyhood and education.

Friendship with William Allen White.

Vernon moves to California.

II. STANFORD

V.L.K. is appointed Professor of Entomology at California's newly organized Stanford University. Meets Herbert Hoover.

A visit to Samoa.

III. CARMEL

Historical beginnings of the Monterey Peninsula. V.L.K. attracted to Carmel; his relationships with the Peninsula's early writers: Jack London, George Sterling, Mary Austin and others. His meeting with Charlotte Hoffman.

IV. IN and OUT of FLORENCE

Marriage of Charlotte and Vernon in Florence. Mary Austin makes the wedding the focus of her trip to Italy in 1908. Kelloggs return to Stanford to live. V.L.K.'s early writings; friendship with publisher Henry Holt.

V. HEADQUARTERS NIGHTS

Vernon joins Herbert Hoover's Belgian Relief Commission; conversations and experiences at the command station

(Chapter Outline cont'd)

of the German armies in the West in 1915. Consideration of the role of Cardinal Mercier in Belgium in World War I.

VI. THE PICTURE CHANGES

Herbert Hoover directs Food Administration for President Wilson. V.L.K. on staff. Corresponds with Mary Austin regarding food conservation in America. Vernon resigns Stanford professorship; is sent by Hoover to Poland as chief of delegation of Supreme Economic Council there; is instrumental in bringing Paderewski to power as Poland's Prime Minister. V.L.K. is appointed Permanent Secretary of the National Research Council in Washington D.C.

VII. SWITZERLAND and the LEAGUE - Part I

Vernon Kellogg represents the United States on the International Committee on Intellectual Cooperation at the League of Nations in Geneva. The Kelloggs attend celebration of the sixty-fifth birthday of Ignace Jan Paderewski at Morges, Switzerland. Kellogg's daughter, Jean, accompanies her father into the Bernese Oberland.

SWITZERLAND and the LEAGUE - Part II

International journalist Frank Simonds invites Jean to accompany him as his secretary to observe formal entrance of Germany into the League of Nations, September 10th, 1926.

(Chapter outline cont'd)

VIII. WASHINGTON D.C. - Part I

The Capital in the late Twenties and Thirties. Kelloggs build their home near the Hoovers; neighbors - Judicial and Diplomatic. Close-up of the Hoovers. Guests at Kellogg home: Frank Kellogg, the Eugene Meyers, poet St. John Perse and others. Informal talks at Kellogg home lead to establishment of Congressional Library poetry readings.

WASHINGTON D.C. - Part II

Hoover elected President. Progressive Republican politics - Senators Robert La Follette, Jr. and Bronson Cutting. Condition of the Negro in Washington in the Thirties. V.L.K.'s views on Race and Americanization.

WASHINGTON D.C. - Part III

Discussion between Agnes E. Meyer and Vernon Kellogg. The Robert Woods Blisses build a garden pavilion at Dumbarton Oaks in remembrance of Vernon Kellogg.

IX. INTERLUDE

Jean at Yale and in Carmel; is recalled to Washington by President and Mrs. Hoover to attend her parents both of whom have become gravely ill.

X. AN INSTITUTE OF LIVING

Progressive stages of Parkinson's disease make it necessary ~~for~~ for Vernon to reside at the Hartford Retreat in Hartford,

(Chapter outline cont'd)

Connecticutt. Study of one of America's first enlightened mental institutions. Vernon Kellogg dies at Hartford.

XI. MEMOIRES POLONAIS - Part I

With the advent of the Second World War, Poland asks Charlotte Kellogg to resume role of humanitarian: she conducts American Relief efforts for Poland and its Government-in-Exile. Complicated relationships with the new Poland explored and explained. Charlotte enlists the Quaker organization to conduct humanitarian efforts inside Communist dominated Poland.

MEMOIRES POLONAIS - Part II

The ageing Paderewski takes up residence in New York; works closely with Charlotte to found a hospital for Poles in Edinburgh, Scotland.

MEMOIRES POLONAIS - Part III

Unpublished American diplomatic correspondence re. Socialist Poland. Cross-currents and intrigue. Paderewski dies in New York and is buried in Arlington.

XII. CARMEL HIGHLANDS

Last decade of Charlotte's life in Carmel. She writes life of PADEREWSKI; narrative poem, PRELUDE. Her Carmel friends: poets, Robinson Jeffers, Eric Barker; photographer Edward Weston, playwright Martin Flavin and others. Charlotte's distinctive character and attitude toward life.

Dickie

Preface

This is a memoir of two Americans whose working lives were directed toward an age - glimpsed but never realized - a golden liberated age.

Locked between two wars, theirs was an interlude of history in which hope for the evolution of the human spirit receded before a resurgence of ancient passions built into man's nature thousands of years ago.

My recollections of the years of my father's service as scientist and administrator are lighted with the brilliance of childhood memories, for he was incurably ill by the time I was seventeen. On the other hand, it was impossible for me to appreciate the significance of events and personal experiences - especially in the first phase of his life. To reconstruct these, I have relied on reminiscences provided by father's colleagues and friends.

For two decades after her husband's death, my mother carried on the work they had started together, sparing but a little time for her writing and poetic gifts. My memories of her are more present and mature.

I hope that my parents' story may in some way help to illumimate a rare interval in the course of American History.

J.K.D.

cultural life; ministers and magistrates labored side by side with farmers in the fields. The distribution of land was a distribution of power, a wide departure from the European system where land was owned by a few, and workers were poor, dependent and despised.

My paternal grandfather, Lyman Beecher Kellogg, came to Kansas from Ohio, by way of Colorado and Arkansas; my father, Vernon Lyman, was born in Little Rock. His mother, Abigail Homer, of Brimfield, Massachusetts, died in Colorado in 1873; Vernon was six, his brother, Fred, only four.

Lyman Beecher Kellogg cast his fortunes with Kansas. Settling in Emporia, he married Jennie Mitchell, a lawyer, who became her husband's partner. They surrounded the boys with intelligent love, and built a little house for them on the wide lawn outside the family home in town; in it were the books and tools and ball bats and the paraphernalia that boys love. To it came other youths - Irving Morse, Fred Bennett, Dale Plumb, Ormond Perley, Alex Reeves, a colored boy - reading, wrangling, wrestling, envisioning high things. Then Vernon and Fred had a cabin on the Neosho, three or four miles east of town. That was a rendezvous of youth. In summers, the Kellogg boys and all their young friends gathered there to hunt arrowheads and fossils and traces of Indian life to be found along the riverbanks; they lived such lives as boys now know only in envious dreams. They skated and swam, trapped and fished and watched the birds and little wild animals that could be found in the woods near a prairie stream. No sound of mechanical vehicles disturbed the coming and going of the seasons; the passing colors of grass and trees wove themselves into their lives. One summer the Sioux rode

right by the cabin, going from their Dakota home to visit their Comanche comrades in the Indian Territory - never to be forgotten apparition from a dying age.

Vernon hunted, but only for birds to classify and stuff. Slight then as always - a scant five feet seven - he was well muscled and wiry - gifted with intense nervous energy reflected in ~~the light of bright~~ curiously brilliant blue eyes. He was, no doubt, unaware of Leonardo da Vinci's admonition to always carry a notebook in the field, but in his pocket was the thin-leaved diary he gradually transformed into an ornothological journal filled with sightings of all Kansas birds, settled or migratory, and one scarcely believable visitor - the majestic Arctic Snowy owl. Fred also contributed, and Vernon incorporated his brother's sightings into the record.

From this notebook rises a vision of Kansas skies, prairies, woods, lakes and streams as they appeared to a developing and impressionable young naturalist in the eighteen-eighties. In the fall, large flocks of ducks and geese flew over Emporia before settling, by early winter, on the marshes near town; the lakes and swamps were full of green-wing teal, pintails, mallards, sandpipers and snipe. There were kingfishers and American avocets, green herons and - more rarely - an osprey caught fishing. When the ponds froze over with ice an inch thick or more, most of these birds simply flew up and circled aimlessly about until warmer weather melted places where they could again alight. Wild pigeon were abundant, and, in dark woods, Vernon noted with pleasure the flicker's yellow-shafted fans. Orioles, indigo and black-throated buntings added their color to that of warbler, cardinal and grosbeak. Hunt-

ing the prairie grasses were the owls and marsh hawks and the great golden-eyed American Goshawk. The colors of the evening sky accompanied a count of its inhabitants - purple martins, and insect - raiding swallows. When Vernon left Emporia at eighteen to go to the University of Kansas, the journal was complete - his profession certain.

As he developed the precise powers of observation of a scientist, the young man sensed that behind the whole sweep of nature's forms, behind the sweep of human progress, was something changeless - something scientifically adorable - the law above the laws, something that may not be defined nor expressed. Throughout his life, through his final shattering illness, as he went further and further into the understanding of this limitless reality, it came to shed its radiance through his heart, glowing through his affection for men and women and things and above all - for life.

There was one friend in Emporia who helped to shape Vernon's life and who said, conversely, Vernon helped to shape his own. This was William Allen White, who would own and edit the Emporia Gazette and become the Sage of Emporia, America's first great editor of a modern, small town, independent newspaper. Will's mother had ridden into Emporia in '65 on the stage with Vernon's father as president of the State Normal School. Vernon and Will were soon enrolled in the newly opened College of Emporia, but it was not until Vernon took Will across the street to the City Library that the two boys really discovered each other. Vernon shoved books on birds, bugs and zoology across the table to Will who set poems and Emersonian essays before his new friend in their place. They whispered together and giggled and read magazines and papers from

England - Puck, Judge and the London Illustrated News.

Across the street, the College was located in half a dozen rooms on the third floor of a large brick building. Seventy-five boys and girls were held in line by six or eight teachers. In winter the students hired a great hayrack on runners, and boys and girls sat in the bottom of the horse drawn sled and slyly held hands and tangled their legs together and felt warm and wicked - as Will said - in their own Presbyterian eyes. Vernon went along but never seemed to enjoy it as much as Will. In his autobiography, William Allen White says that father was the only boy in Emporia with much bookish interest; when he visited Vernon's home he found the house full of books - around the walls and on the tables; to these Vernon added his own, bought at the local bookstore.

When he went up to the University of Kansas at Lawrence, Vernon promised his father that he would defer a definite choice of career until a year after graduation. "Law was in Lyman Beecher Kellogg's mind, as to his son. Bugs never were. If not law, then business, such as banking or manufacturing. Birds, unless they were domesticated, he regarded lightly, as serious studies for an earnest man.

At the university, one morning, Francis Huntington Snow, professor of natural science, spread a half-dozen skins of birds before Vernon Kellogg. 'Identify these', he ordered.

The trick was turned instantly. 'Bring me others', said Kellogg. It was done. Identification followed. Vernon Kellogg knew all about the three hundred and fifty kinds of birds that lived permanently or temporarily in Kansas...He was now, in his mind, committed to zoology. He'd be, he said, but only to himself, a college professor".[1]

Soon after being elected to the Phi Delta Theta fraternity at

Kansas State, Vernon wrote William Allen White, urging him to attend the university the following year, at the same time assuring him that he, too, could become a Phi Delt.

Will came reluctantly to Lawrence; Vernon described his appearance when he arrived -

"He was a little taller than a middle sized boy, with a long neck and what would be called a chunky body. It was clothed in a good, hand-me-down brown suit with braid around the coat edge, and a made up necktie, hand painted. In the necktie was a golden bull's head with chipped diamond eyes. Over it all, skimmed milk colored eyes, a blond splotched skin, a broad wide forehead, reddish hair topped and crowned with a rather wide hat with a narrow black band - the type of head gear worn by western cowmen and gamblers. He was not a prepossessing figure." This was the boy who, in 1905, became a champion of the liberal rebellion spreading through the northern states, led by Wisconsin's governor, Robert La Follette, and by Theodore Roosevelt. That same year, George Lorimer, editor of the Saturday Evening Post, was paying up to twenty-five hundred dollars for a White article, and White's book of stories about country newspapers, In Our Town, drew a flattering review from William Dean Howells, and a personal letter from Mark Twain.

The Kansas State University of 1886 epitomized the great American struggle going on between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains to create a material world from the resources of the wilderness. Politics was under the dominance of the boss system, a system which extended to the academic campus, influencing university newspapers. It was a good start for Will who loved politics, and for Vernon who became a smart university politician and helped edit the college newspaper. Always

soft-spoken and diplomatic, he rarely appeared in front of controversial things, but he was there and he ruled.

In the fraternity Will became Billy White, Vernon became V.L.; a third initiate was Fred Funston, a congressman's son. Later, as Major General of the American Army, Funston commanded U.S. troops on the Mexican border when Pershing pursued Pancho Villa from New Mexico across the Rio Grande. All three were good writers and made an inseparable trio.

Certain men on the university faculty exerted a lasting influence over their students. James H. Canfield presided over a long U-shaped table with his students ranged around him. Opposite Billy with his penchant for clowning sat William E. Borah, solemn, shrewd and silent. Herbert Hadley, later Governor of Missouri, sat near V.L., Canfield promoted discussion of his subjects: economics, sociology, science and history. He died twenty years later; Vernon and Will retained the friendship of his daughter, the novelist, Dorothy Canfield Fisher.

Frederick H. Snow taught the biological subjects and afterward became Chancellor. He was V.L.'s guide and friend and when Vernon was a senior, made him his secretary.

The summer of '88, Vernon and Will worked for Colonel Learnard, owner of two Lawrence newspapers - the Journal and the Tribune. The Colonel was a "black radical" Republican who would do anything for his party. Will was put on the morning Journal, Vernon given a place on the evening Tribune. Grover Cleveland was President and both boys plunged into Republican county politics. There were plenty of local troubles such as the issue of the railroads and corruption in politics. Will saw that because all citizens had the writ of habeas corpus and

the right of trial by jury as well as further rights of free assemblage and utterance, Americans did not understand how their government was turning into a plutocracy - a plutocracy we see enormously extended today.

The year before Vernon left Kansas State to go to Cornell, he and Will worked an extra month for Colonel Learnard to get round-trip passes to Loveland, Colorado. Thirty miles from the railroad, above Estes, they joined a camp of other Phi Delts and four girls from the Pi Phi Sorority; the boys included Funston, Hadley and the chemist, Ed Franklin.

Years later, when we lived in Washington D.C., father would recount at dinner parties an adventure from that eventful Colorado summer.

"Funston and I had another boy's adventure in the Rockies - this time with a third college mate, now a wise professor. On this trip we had our guns, as we always had in those earlier days before the protection of the law had been thrown around the disappearing elk and bighorn. Near the top of Windy Gulch we saw a bear - a rather small bear - lumbering its way toward the summit. We immediately gave chase. The bear turned toward a rocky ridge not far away, and disappeared. But on reaching the ridge we made out what seemed the only hole or cave it could have gone into, and there expectantly awaited the coming-out of the bear.

But it did not come out. Now Funston, as Will once said, 'had no fear, either physical or spiritual'. He soon made the rather startling proposal that he should crawl into the hole and stir up the bear, which, he argued would undoubtedly chase him out. We other two were to stand by the hole with cocked rifles, and were to shoot, not at the first thing that came out, which Funston fondly hoped would be himself, but at

the second, which would presumably be an irate bear.

After careful consideration of this proposition, entirely generous on Funston's part, as one must admit, Franklin and I finally declined it on the ground that in our excitement we should be almost certain to shoot at the first creature that appeared from the hole, and if this were Funston, - as it probably would be is he came out at all, and we should hit him, we should have to answer to his parents. As his father was a Congressman, these parents seemed formidable. Also, if Funston, by any rub of the green, did not come out at all, we should have to help the burro carry Funston's pack back to camp. The final vote, therefore, was two to one against the proposal of the future general!"

This story helps to illustrate a certain crafty, canny quality - a practical side - to father's otherwise somewhat romantic nature.

In the fall of '91, V.L.K. was studying at Cornell University; two years later he was in Germany at the University of Leipzig where he mastered the German language, a talent that would serve him well when, in 1915, Herbert Hoover called him to be "Ambassador" to the headquarters of the German General Staff in Charleville, Northern France, for the purpose of safeguarding American relief efforts in occupied France and Belgium.

Back in Kansas to teach the winter semester of '93-'94, Vernon Kellogg transferred the following summer to Stanford University, California, where he accepted the position of Associate Professor of Entomology.

STANFORD

"Blue heavens - if you could see the alleged laboratory I'm to do work in: if you could see the large number of chums whom I haven't got: and the row of eminently respectable dignified and cultured professional gentlemen whom I have got - to walk the line in front of... you would know that I'm here and hopeful and homesick. I'm trying to discover a reasonable excuse for visiting Kansas next summer. Chancellor Snow better ask me to give an address on the California Flea vs the Kansas Mosquito - next Commencement." (Vernon was writing again to Miss Sutliff, a maiden lady in Lawrence, who, after father's death, thoughtfully sent me the letters she had carefully saved.)

"But - the fruit is here, and the cool evenings and the cold nights - wearing light overcoat after dinner in evenings - and the scenery and the surprisingly lovely Quadrangle. If you could stand inside that low square of buildings with the long continuous pillared Roman arched arcade and see the blue hills of the Santa Cruz Mountains to West - and the sharper peaks of the Mount Hamilton Range to East - and sniff the heavy fragrance of the massed flowers in the eight circular flower beds let into the asphalt floor..."

Stanford was three years old when V.L. arrived to join a faculty of young men, who in other universities had given promise in their special fields. They served under a President in his early forties, Dr. David Starr Jordan.

Vernon soon had the sinking realization that the institution's financial situation was critical.

Senator Leland Stanford, the university's founder, had died the year before leaving his properties completely tied up. One of California's "Big Four" builders of the western segment of the United States transcontinental railroad, he had organized the coeducational university as a memorial to his only son, Leland, Jr. In the period of financial crisis following 1893, the very existence of the college was threatened by a law suit over the inheritance. Stanford's widow, Jane Lathrop, was using all her wits and all her resources to keep the doors open, nonexpectant that one of Stanford's first students would soon return to rally campus spirit and establish an alumni fund to help the expanding institution.

Herbert Hoover had arrived at Stanford in advance of its formal opening. During his senior year, he attended some of V.L.'s lectures on Biology. Already a keen observer of men, Hoover must have noted certain qualities in Professor Kellogg later remembered when he chose associates for a daring relief effort in Belgium in 1914, while Vernon was quick to see in Hoover the marks of engineering and administrative genius.

Both men witnessed the critical and painful trials of the young university. While in China on an engineering assignment, Hoover received clippings relating details of the law suit over the Stanford inheritance; resenting slurs on the Senator's name, he was galled by "the picture of the black-bonneted widow traveling to the Victoria Jubilee in London with her satchel full of precious gems to sell so that 'the children of California' could continue to be educated. 'Some day, he promised himself,' I will go back to look after her interests and her money."[2]

Hoover kept his promise, and Jane Lathrop Stanford kept the

university open.

Vernon found Stanford, about thirty miles south of San Francisco, situated in the middle of a great ranch of seven thousand acres of grain fields, horse paddocks, and hills where coyotes howled and jack rabbits roamed. In 1894, the town of Palo Alto, adjoining the Stanford estate, and now a flourishing city of over 56,000 people, was a small village; consequently members of the college community had to draw on their own resources for social activities and V.L. did more than his share in helping out.

It was in the first days that Stanford's atmosphere was so very distinctive. Its president, faculty and students lived closely together; each department was a special smaller family within the great one. Life was simple, direct and democratic. Real things counted first and most: there was little sophistication, work was the order of the day, relieved by wholesome recreations.

There were generous provisions for students unable to meet the expenses of the older institutions in the East; there were radical academic innovations such as the freedom of students to select their course of studies - this last decided on by the Stanfords and Dr. Jordan. These policies together with the institution's strong leaning toward science persuaded Vernon Kellogg and Herbert Hoover to make this campus their home.

For Vernon, the natural advantages of the place from the standpoint of a biologist seemed to outweigh the obvious lack of laboratory equipment. His office, laboratory and lecture space were all in a small attic room in one of the engineering buildings. His early students al-

ways looked back to that room with affection, for it was here they came into close touch with the zealous young scientist who was never too busy to give a good share of his time to the work of his students. Some found it necessary to earn all or part of their tuition and in their last college year father thought it important they should give more time to their studies and less to other work. If he or she could not meet expenses without help, Vernon would quietly offer a small loan for which the graduate gave him a note agreeing to pay back the debt as soon as practicable. Father later mentioned the loans were all repaid in due time.

V. L. certainly had charm - he also had wit and humor and a keen sense of the ridiculous. In those early days, he called attention with relish to the "scandal in the Kellogg family" that was bared in Who's Who in America where the transposition of two lines in his biography had made him the son of "Lyman Beecher and Univ. of Leipzig; unmarried".

With his slight physique and the intensity of his interests - teaching, writing and researching - Vernon easily burned up his reserve store of strength, but he still had time in a casual, almost absentminded way to surprise the people he loved with kindnesses and small tokens of his affection in their hands or lives. University girls and boys and fellow teachers found something warm and endearing under the dignity of the precise scientist.

President Jordan soon recognized that this enthusiastic young man with such a keen analytical mind made not only a most interesting companion, but might ~~would~~ also be a valuable helper in some of the work that he himself was doing. Vernon was invited to add the lectures on Bionomics to those he gave on Entomology; soon the Department of Entomology became

demonstrating the structural unity of Man with the rest of the animal world, and

the Department of Entomology and Bionomics. In the period of intense controversy over Darwin's theory of the Origin of Species published little more than thirty years earlier, the course of lectures in organic evolution given by Jordan and Kellogg attracted large crowds of excited listeners, many of whom stood in the rear of the lecture hall after all available seats had been filled.

The two men saw eye to eye regarding the desperate futility and social and biological ravages of war. V.L.K. collaborated with Dr. Jordan in a number of books and papers, and the younger man brought fresh inspiration to the elder in their joint efforts. Vernon became a frequent guest at the Jordan home, accompanying Jessie and David Starr Jordan on long walks outside the gates of Stanford University. Later, Jordan and Kellogg extended their excursions to Samoa for the study of tropical fishes.

Something other than the brilliant colors of tropical fish drew my father to Samoa - in his bachelor's study he kept Charles Scribner's edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's complete writings. Twice reread, Stevenson and his philosophy became part of Vernon's mental and emotional life. My father had been born prematurely, and not expected to live beyond forty; he did not suffer as Stevenson did in early life, but he had to fight hard to maintain his creative output, fight hard at the end to preserve trust in life as it moved slowly from him.

Stevenson recognized, as did my father, the living individual personality of nature, but counted himself an ally in a fair quarrel, pitting his strength against hers. Nature inspired him with a strange fierce energy. Vernon scrutinized nature's systems to glean some hints as to how to further human evolution, carefully noting radical differences

between the successful but unchanging societies of bees and ants and the potential for freedom in human society - if it did not stultify itself in mechanically organized ways.

Arrived at Stevenson's Island - Upolu - in the Samoan group, Jordan and Kellogg left their steamer anchored in the bay and were taken onto the beach at Apia in a Samoan canoe. On the way in, the chief Samoan paddler noticed father's camera which had a metal trimmed case. "You my friend?" he asked. "Yes", Vernon innocently replied, unaware that Samoan tradition required that between friends requests were always granted. "Then gimmie that", said the native pointing to the camera. Horrified, but with the instinct he must comply or risk his expedition, V.L. handed over his precious camera. Just before reaching the beach, father leaned over and tapped the Samoan on the shoulder. "You my friend?" asked the scientist. "Yes", replied the Samoan with a broad smile. "Then gimmie that", declared the shrewd American. The camera was grudgingly handed back to its owner.

After being presented to the Island's king and a number of important chiefs, the Americans explained their mission. They were given Samoan names to be used during their stay - for Dr. Jordan: "The Big Man Who Catches Little Fishes"; for V.L.: "The Little Man Who Catches Big Fishes". One evidence of their success was the naming of a particularly beautiful green and crimson fish: *Kelloggella Cardinalis Jordan.* That evening at a ceremonial banquet, Vernon had his first taste of kava, a native beverage which he vainly tried to pour over his shoulder onto the mats spread on the ground beneath a large breadfruit tree. His efforts went unobserved and the King graciously presented him with a hand-

some ten foot square tapa that today lends nobility to my studio wall. When Stevenson called his Scottish mother to Samoa, he hung her room with these lovely mulberry bark cloths which she found as attractive as the modern artist does today.

There is evidence that the Samoans loved Tusitala, their "teller of tales", with a deep and lasting affection. Laura Stubbs relates in her Record of a Pilgrimage how Sosimo, a young Samoan house boy, devoted himself more and more to Louis. One morning, Stevenson expressed his gratitude for an act of personal kindness: "Oh, Sosimo, great is your wisdom!" "Nay, Tusitala, replied the Samoan, greater is the love." Later, when Stevenson suddenly died, he fell - not to the floor - but into Sosimo's arms.

On the summit of a spur of Mount Vaea on Upolu, Stevenson's ashes rest under a low simple grave-stone made after the fashion of the Samoan Chiefs' tombs. On his return to Stanford from Upolu, father recalled the scene in an article written for Out West magazine:

"The tropic sun bathes the hill-top in warm light, the bright-feathered birds sing loudly in the nearby bush, the little lizards lie content on the gray tombstone. One looks far down to Vailima and across the clear air space to distant higher mountains, equally green and inviting. A pair of pure white tropic birds float slowly far above Vailima. To the north the slopes, covered with great coconut plantations, stretch down to Apia and its crescent harbor. Enclosing the green water of the harbor is the white reef-line, and the low muffled roar of the charging breakers persists even here. And beyond stretches the measureless blue water of the tropic Pacific, out and up to the sky line. Everything is

beautiful and bright; nothing sombre, nor soiled nor ugly. The world, from Stevenson's grave, is full of beauty and clean life, as it ever was when seen through the brave and hopeful eyes of the living poet."

At Stanford, Vernon was a member of a household commonly referred to in that community as "The Bachelors". Four unmarried professors between the ages of approximately thirty-five and forty kept house under the domination of a Chinese culinary genius known to everybody on campus as "Jo". The other three bachelors were Max Farrand, later Director of the Huntington Library, and Professors Allardice and Douglas Campbell.

The first to abandon this idyllic situation would be Vernon: it came about after he decided to revisit Carmel - the place that had so caught his imagination that winter evening in 1895.

of his voyage, he conferred a new set of names upon the California coast and honored the Viceroy of Mexico, the Conde de Monterey, by giving his name to the Port of Monterey. Vizcaino described the place as "sheltered from all winds", and recommended that a settlement be made there.

The Conde's successor argued against the project and nothing was done until the second half of the eighteenth century when the Spaniards became alarmed at the ambitions of the Russians in the North Pacific and the Vizcaino plan to occupy the Port of Monterey was revived.

In 1770, a ruthless Governor of Lower California, Don Gaspar de Portola, and Padre Junipero Serra, zealot President of the Franciscan Missions, led a two-pronged expedition by land and sea north from San Diego. Frustrated in an earlier attempt to find Vizcaino's harbor, this time they would reach Monterey.

Portola's land party arrived first and, eight days later, sighted Serra's bark close to Point Pinos (the site of the present Pacific Grove lighthouse station). Replying to Portola's three signal fires, the San Antonio fired its cannon and, preceeded by a sounding launch, entered the Bay of Monterey. James Culleton, in his book, Indians and Pioneers of Old Monterey, states that while waiting for Serra, Portola and his company crossed the peninsula by a route closely approximating the present day highway. The party camped on Point Lobos just south of Carmel beach where they were watched by a large number of unarmed Indians, some of whom approached the Spaniards with food and feather tipped rods - these last perhaps symbols of peace. Portola noted the Indian chief who walked ahead was painted a handsome shiny black.

The summer following, Serra chose to stay in Carmel Valley to

right of the individual, under certain circumstances, to suicide. Nora May French, Carrie Sterling and her husband, George, and later - Jack London - when painfully ill - all were to claim the right to choose their moment of release.

Into this heady atmosphere came graduates from the Bay Region universities; among them an extraordinarily beautiful young Swiss woman from Berkeley: Charlotte Mignon Hoffman had graduated from the University of California at Berkeley in 1899, and received a Bachelor of Philosophy degree together with letters recommending her as a High School teacher -

"There is no recent student of the university in whose success as a teacher I should have greater confidence."

(signed) Thomas R. Bacon

Professor of Modern European History

"She is a very superior teacher, and there are very few teachers in the public schools who will surpass her. She is quiet, dignified, pleasant mannered, excellent in discipline and has command of good methods. You need not fear to recommend her very highly."

(signed) F. B. Dresslar

Assistant Professor of the Science and Art of Teaching

Granddaughter of an Alpine magistrate of the Canton of Glarus in eastern Switzerland, Charlotte inherited pioneer spirit. Her family had migrated to America and settled temporarily in Nebraska - the goal was California. Farming on the open prairie, the Baumgartners had heard a roar worse than split-alp avalanche; Rocky Mountain locust hordes had sett settled on the greening fields, gorging themselves until no stalk remained - sowing the earth with their eggs. Prairie fever and blizzard snows fol-

lowed swiftly - three times within one month church bells tolled for the Swiss Burgomaster's family. Charlotte's mother, Regula, knelt in the January snow before the open graves of her father, her mother and her sister. The search for California was halted and sunk.

Of the family members who survived, only Regula thought she heard her father's voice urging her on to California. The young Swiss watchmaker she married in Nebraska agreed that when their first child was born, they would sell the house and board the new Pacific train for San Francisco.

A few months after Charlotte Hoffman was born in Grand Island on May 21, 1874, her mother, holding the child tight against her mourning's black, was helped up steep metal steps to the platform of the waiting train. Her husband, Max, followed; later, while the prairie darkened behind them, they felt the land rise imperceptibly toward the Great Divide.

In this manner, Charlotte reached California twenty years before Vernon. My mother always considered herself a Californian, never refering to her family's ordeal on the prairie until, late in life, she retraced it in a long narrative poem.

Not yet eighteen, Charlotte was hired to teach at the Stony Hollow elementary school in Napa Valley north of San Francisco. The country was wild - the life hard; rattlesnakes crawled up between the boards of the classroom floor. The young girl sent word to her mother begging that her nine year old brother, Carl, be allowed to visit her. "From that day I experienced a wonderful sense of protection."

Then, one memorable morning, she climbed onto a train bearing southwards toward the grand buildings with the doors that opened on the world - the University of California at Berkeley. Within two years Charlotte

IN AND OUT OF FLORENCE

Landing Vernon
~~Vernon landed~~ in France, ~~and then~~ went on to Rome where Charlotte was staying with the Chester Bailey Fernalds of London in their villa just outside the capital. The passion expressed in his note to Will marked the awakening of father's deepest nature and the end of his thirty-one years of bachelorhood. He had indeed found "the very girl".

A few weeks later, the San Francisco Examiner ran a brief notice headed: "College Girl to Wed Professor". Concurrently, the San Francisco Call-Bulletin published a lengthier column with the banner headline - "Professor and Social Favorite Soon to Wed". Both papers described the prospective bride as an acknowledged beauty, a linguist of considerable renown and one of the cleverest of California's society girls. The last epithet has a strange ring in view of the short time that had elapsed between Charlotte's difficult early years and her brief career as a Berkeley teacher. Vernon was described simply as head of the Department of Entomology at Stanford, and as author of several books on Entomology and Evolution.

Planning a wedding in Florence meant arranging for relatives and friends to get to Italy in the spring. Charlotte's younger brother, Martin would represent her family; others making the long trip from California included Berkeley classics professor, Charles Mills Gayley, and Mrs. Gayley, Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler, wife of Berkeley's president, and Jean Howard Schoonmaker, for whom I was later to be named when my parents asked her to be my godmother. Father's old friends from Cornell, Professor Hugh Comstock, the distinguished entomologist, and Mrs. Comstock

planned to reach Florence in April.

Charlotte and Vernon particularly wanted Mary Austin to come to their wedding. In Carmel, Charlotte had become a close friend of Mary's, echoing Vernon's admiration in a more feminine way - "Dear Spirit of the Woods and Sea", mother would write; while father's letters carried the more straightforward salutation, "Dear Mary" occasionally varied by "My dear Friend:". An intense mutual regard and affection developed between these three; and when the novelist learned her friends were to be married in Florence, she decided to make the wedding the focus of a trip to Italy.

Just before sailing, Mary Austin stopped in New York to see her publishers. She wrote Vernon from the Martha Washington Hotel: "The Century turned down my novel on account of my unusual views on marriage but Harpers jumped at it...Alden and Howells (William Dean Howells was then editor at Harpers) are much more worth while than anybody on the Century. Mr. Alden says this novel (Santa Lucia) should place me in the first rank of American writers far above Mrs. Wharton. As to that, I am not yet ready to agree...I was a little sore with the Century people at first, because it was at their instigation I wrote the novel, but they had their minds full of senoritas and cowboys and wouldn't believe in time I could cover a wider range of life...

Tomorrow I lunch with the American Magazine to discuss stories by various authors dealing with problems of modern living other than sex. They have asked me to write one of the Powers of Men series being led by William James...

Do you know we quite forgot that I was to take The Ring. What have you done about it? I am taking a blister pendant for Charlotte's

Christmas. Think of us in Florence that day.

As ever, Mary Austin"

In the spring, Vernon found and rented the Villino Orcio in Settignano just outside the city of Florence, and here, on April 27, 1908, my parents were married. Their honeymoon villino occupied about an acre of land dropping quickly down the hill-slope, and bounded by high stone retaining walls. In his delightful book, In and Out of Florence, father describes the gardens in April:

"Against the west wall is a row of high pink oleanders that blossom all through the summer, while at their feet cluster bridal wreath, mignonette, and old fashioned white pinks. In the angle of wall and house run up two roses, a yellow and a red, clasping and twinging about each other in inextricable confusion...All along the south or garden face of the long house the plant draperies of rose, jasmine, brilliant trumpet flowers, and orange, hang in wonderful beauty and richness. This orange drapery was new to us who only knew the ordered rows of the California orchards.

Not a giant's stone throw away from our own perching home on Settignano hillside is a modest gray house with square battlement tower which once belonged to the Buonarotti family, and where the great Michelangelo himself 'drew in with his foster-mother's milk the mallet and chisel with which he afterward carved his statues'. For this nurse-mother was the daughter of a stone cutter. On the villa floor the boy Michel drew his first picture."

The wedding guests lingered as long as possible in this appealing countryside, Mary Austin finally going on her way accompanied by mother's guest and former travelling companion, Edna McDuffie, later the wife of

Horace Lyon, Carmel mayor and friend of the poet, Robinson Jeffers.

"Beppi - Beppee!" "Commandi, Signora!" "Acqua fresca, Beppi." "Sisignora!" Mother calls to the gardener for clear, cold water to be brought from the cellar well in shining, dripping, brass-bound copper pails. Maria, the cook, calling on the saints, starts to polish the kitchen and pantry floor until the boards shine white under the thin greet paint. Boy, a large dog, follows father about the garden, posing now and then for appropriate snapshots.

In the service of Beppi and the maid, Marina, and Maria, my parents found a quality of personal relationship and personal devotion that touched them deeply. Father writes: "We wandered out one Sunday morning into the Gamberaia fields and found the day and the flowers and cicale and all so enchanting that luncheon time came and we were not aware of it. And after awhile, as we lay outstretched on a flower-bank by a path in the olive orchard, we heard a step and there was smiling Beppi, hat in hand, and softly saying the hour. He had sought us through the fields and orchards while Marina had gone by the roadway, and as we all came home together, Maria stood welcoming us at the gate..."

Vernon's special discovery in the world around Florence were the lesser known Tuscan sculptors from the hill-side quarries - Mino da Fiesole, Benedetto da Maiano, Desiderio da Settignano and the brothers Rossellini from the same village. Initially quarriers and hewers of stone, these men had developed into skilled and endowed sculptors. It is because Italian art so interpenetrated Italian life, says Edith Wharton, because the humblest stone-mason followed in some sort the lines of the great architects, and the modeler of village Madonnas the

composition of the great sculptors, that so much came from such apparently prosaic and unpromising sources.

A tram regularly ran between Settignano and the Piazza del Duomo in Florence; from there my parents could set out on foot to enjoy the color and life of the old Medicean city, reflected in paintings and murals animating the walls of churches, palaces and museums. There were street pictures, too, because Florence is not a great city that shuts out all the world of Nature. Its streets all end in winding ways among olive and grape covered hills spotted with dark cypress, towers of silence against the sky. All this lends the streets of Florence a beauty and character which is their most unforgettable part. At the end of a day's sightseeing, the shops along the Arno were not overlooked, Vernon taking as much pleasure as his wife in buying silver, leather, jewelry, terra-cottas, linens and majolicas.

Before returning to Stanford, father visited the little silkworm farms around Settignano. He had been interested in silkworms since 1900, and these were pleasurable excursions to the Tuscan poderi and the contadini who worked the small farms. Each silkworm spins a continuous thread almost a quarter of a mile long as a cocoon for the moth it should become; unfortunately for them, the developing moths are scientifically killed by heat, and the millions of Tuscan silkworm cocoons eventually find their way to the silk-reeling establishments near Florence.

Near the end of November, it was high time for my parents returning to California. As the heavily laden carriage began the descent of Settignano hill, Vernon and Charlotte looked back at their villa and saw Beppi standing in the road, and Maria by the gate, and on the roof-ter-

race near the big red orcio (a large glazed pot for storing oil, from which the villa took its name), Marina stood waving - waving -

Only once interrupting their journey for a brief visit to the University of Paris, my parents reached Stanford before Christmas. Early the following year, they leased an acre of adobe soil from the university, planning their home on a gentle rise just west of campus: it was to be a two-story stucco building with a second-floor balcony finished in the Italian style, below which would be an arcade sheltering shade plants and chinese rattan furniture for restful retreat from California's sun. When the house was finished, the front door opened out onto a wide brick terrace decorated with eight split bamboo tubs such as were used in the China trade; these last appropraitely filled with leafy specimens of the same plant. Several large live oaks had already lived a span of years on our acre; for them, Vernon ordered professional care.

Neighbors were all professors and officials of the university; the Doanes, Peirces, Dr. Campbell, the Jordans, Hoovers, and Dr. and Mrs. Ray Lyman Wilbur. The Hoover house - above and to our left - later became the permanent residence of Stanford's presidents. When the ageing Dr. Jordan was promoted to Chancellor, Dr. Wilbur became Stanford's second president.

In 1909, Herbert Hoover gave a series of lectures on engineering at Stanford, and also at Columbia University in New York. Hoover was then thirty-five, and had the reputation of being [redacted] the world's leading consulting mining engineer; on this occasion he undoubtedly again met with my father. Three years later, at Hoover's Red House

in London, the two men had further conversations, and in 1915, father was summoned to serve on the staff of the Belgian Relief. This resulted in a series of missions to Europe that were to drastically alter the course of my parents' lives.

While at the university Vernon continued to teach and write: during the twenty-three years of his university tenure he published over two hundred books and papers: his monumental work, American Insects, helped to inaugurate the American Nature Series published by Henry Holt. A bookman with an eye on the future, Holt early established a bond of friendship and profound understanding with his young author, Vernon Kellogg; calling him - "My dear Son in the Faith", or "Veke", the great-hearted. Together they worked to combine their common interests to produce books they hoped would make learning palatable to the masses, tempting people to broader, truer horizons than the growing trend toward the popular and sensational. In this happy situation, a long list of father's books appeared, including: Evolution and Animal Life, Animals and Man, Beyond War, Human Life as the Biologist Sees It, Man and Heredity, and other characteristic and thoughtful writings.

During this period, Holt and Kellogg were helping to lay the foundations of what is now called popular science. Father soon developed a style of writing that possessed clarity and simplicity in thinking and in statement; he was able at once to write science stories for children and to develop precise technical classifications, and - he had humor.

Twenty years after father died, the Saturday Review of Literature printed an article titled Knowledge Without Pain, by Jacques

Ducharme: in it he said, "I can still recall Dr. Kellogg's comment on the Great Snowy Owl. It ran something like this; 'The scientific name of the Great Snowy Owl is Nyctea Nyctea, which means that it is nocturnal and extremely so.' This personal touch of Dr. Kellogg's, his 'extremely so' is the new note in the reporting of science so typical of our times."

Henry Holt wrote as well as published, and father proof-read part of Holt's two volume work, On the Cosmic Relations[5]; although he was an exact scientist, Vernon was singularly interested in mysticism, later discussing the subject in London with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. The following paragraph from a letter to "Veke" from Holt is illuminating.

My dear Son in the Faith:

"No more books." That and various other utterances of yours lately show you are going through what is called a "spiritual experience"..."No more books." I think you have unusual gifts for making them...I suspect that in the present godless state of the world, with its lack of comprehension of the implications of evolution...you can be of more use in helping fill these lacks, than you can in even tracing the biological evolution of silkworms, or any other non-psychical facts whatever... //

Yours ever,

H. Holt

Living as he did, through a period of intense and bitter controversy between science and theology, raised to fever pitch by Darwin's theory, Vernon was constantly absorbed in trying to find a bridge be-

seemingly antipodal verities.
tween those two. After my father died, mother found hundreds of scraps of paper in his office desk and bureau drawers at home bearing on the problem of reconciliation between the new science and the mystery of the spirit - the something more than of this world. V.L. kept a small copy of the Book of Genesis in his office at the National Research Council, and in a 1926 article for The World's Work, stated: "The cause of things may be called God; the manner of things, science. Science has never explained ultimate causes." This would agree with Einstein's remark that "The most beautiful thing we can experience is the mysterious".

Vernon had always planned to write his last book under the title of The Conscious Molecule, but he had never been able to dictate his writings, and when his last illness began to take its toll, longhand became impossible for him. Perhaps the title itself tells the whole story.

When I was three, "Veke" wrote an article for Henry Holt's Unpopular Review. Called The Baby and the Bee, it gives glimpses of the author's inner nature he might have shrunk to bare in more serious fashion. The Baby's sympathy for a dying bee and the thoughts it aroused in father's mind help us to realize the many facets of this unique scientific personality.

One of the bonds between my parents had always been their admiration for the Scottish naturalist, John Muir. At Stanford, Vernon was a director of the Sierra Club of California of which Muir was president, but it was Charlotte who had developed, in her early years at Berkeley, the close personal relationship which Muir later extended to father and - even before my birth - to myself, when he wrote a letter to my mother expressing his gentle philosophy that the child and the flower could both

safely bloom on the crust of this earthquake - troubled planet. The letter was of real solace to mother, since father had hinted to his wife that some scientific malformation might possibly befall her baby in the natural course of things! Happily I arrived without mischance, and for my first Christmas John Muir made a special "Jean visit" to Stanford, bringing me a silver plate engraved in his own handwriting and a small redwood chair with a carefully roped seat.

In 1912, when I was two, father was to conduct research at the British Museum; we left San Francisco in January and arrived at Dover in an early dawn snowstorm. Vernon had known Mr. Hoover wanted a home in Britain near his London engineering firm, and that he and Mrs. Hoover had found a roomy old house with a garden of trees and flowers close to Kensington Gardens: the house had been rebuilt and added to by the Alpinist and author, Martin Conway. When we arrived, all the Hoovers were at home: Herbert and Lou, their two sons, Herbert Jr. and Allan, and the dog, Rags. For generations this house had been called The Red House, a name that in succeeding years became more and more widely known to Americans living in, coming to, or passing through London. A big silver Persian cat, and a smaller yellow Siamese regularly attended breakfasts; Mr. Hoover liked to have one in his lap as he talked. The bookshelves in the house were crowded with volumes on geology, mining and metallurgy, besides others on economics and political science; all of Sherlock Holmes was there, which Hoover read at night for relaxation.

We stayed mostly with the Fernalds in St. John's Wood, and in May went over to Paris, taking my English nurse, Miss Jane Rumble along. Father rented an apartment for us near the Luxembourg Gardens; he had

not felt well for several weeks and the doctors advised an appendicitis operation. Vernon delayed the surgery as long as possible because of his committment to deliver a speech at the International Eugenics Conference scheduled in London. In Paris, he became seriously ill and was taken to the American hospital in Neuilly for an emergency operation that took place twelve days before father was to speak at the conference. Against the advice of the surgeon, we all went back to London ten days after the operation. On the appointed day, father, who was to take the side of the pacifists against the militarists, took his seat on the platform; just in back of him sat the Russian scientist, Kropotkin, a very big man with a long flowing beard. When father's turn came, he stood up to read a defense of peace. He looked very small and his blue eyes seemed large and hollow. He finished the speech and then fainted, but did not fall on the stage because Kropotkin quickly got up and holding out his arms, caught him safely against his huge chest - to my mother's inexpressible relief.

HEADQUARTERS NIGHTS

"But this machine is a Frankenstein that will turn on its own creators and work their destruction, together with its own. Such sacrifices and stultification of human personality as national control by such a machine requires, can have no permanence in a world moving certainly, even if hesitatingly and deviously, toward the recognition of personal values."

Headquarters Nights

Vernon Kellogg

The year preceeding the outbreak of the First World War had been a happy one for our family. Summer months we spent at Carmel where my parents took part in Mary Austin's two Indian plays - Fire, and The Arrow Maker. The simple life-style affected by Carmel's villagers was exemplified by rough hewn planks of the Forest Theater stage set up in a pine-grove just behind the town. On cold, foggy nights, a hardy audience was expected to bring steamer rugs to warm the wooden benches; braziers and open pit fires gave out flickering warmth beside sloping dirt aisles and on either side of the stage.

Fire had its premiere on July 26, 1913; The Arrow Maker was performed almost exactly one year later. V.L.K. was stage director for both productions - mother acting the Chisera part in each play. The Medicine Woman's costume worn by my mother in The Arrow Maker was made of fringed deerskin ornamented with ropes of shells that fell nearly to the ground. The costume included, besides pouch and painted wand, a striking crown composed of pearly rims of the Abalone mollusk, the gleaming sickle-shaped rims standing erect on a leather head-band from which hung flat earpieces of the same irridescent shell.

One other artistic event of the period is worth noting - the

first exhibition of color photographs in America. In 1909, Arnold Genthe had made several poetic black and white portraits of my parents at the same time that he was carrying out some of the earliest experiments in color photography. In her catalogue, The Magic Lens of Dr. Genthe, Betty Lochrie Hoag writes: "His Lumiere plates of figures, heads, landscapes and marines were exhibited...in both San Francisco and New York. The old San Francisco Wave was the first American magazine to reproduce colored pictures, and they were done from Genthe autochromes". Color work executed in Carmel: lupin and poppy fields, the cliffs and cypresses of Point Lobos, sunsets, beach scenes and portraits, created a real sensation in San Francisco. Genthe did a small Lumiere of myself at the age of four in which he used the brilliant red and green dyes of some East Indian pillow covers as foils for the pure white tone of my frock with dazzling effect.

Our Carmel stay was cut short when Germany declared war on France on August 3, 1914. Only two years earlier, my father had written: "The motion of man is toward mutual aid, altruism. War is all that these are not. These are life conditions that oppose all war. The inertia of the evolutionary movement of Man will overcome the inertia of the lessening resistance to this movement. War is already an anachronism in the life of Homo Sapiens. The evolutionary mode of the Blond race has moved beyond it. The leaders will fall into the mode or fall our of their places. Homo superioris will be, whatever else he is, BEYOND WAR".

In short, father was a pacifist.

In his first volume of memoirs, Herbert Hoover describes the period preceeding the outbreak of the First World War -

"The happiest period of all humanity in ten centuries was the twenty-five years before the First World War. It was the habit of intellectuals to disparage those times as callous, crude, dominated by bad taste and greed, with privilege to the few and poverty and squalor to the many...

Yet in the eyes of a professional observer, this period stands in high contrast to the quarter century that had gone before.

Freedom of speech and worship, the right of men to choose their own callings, the security of justice were yearly spreading over wider and wider areas. Men were able to move practically without any restriction across frontiers. Of all the nations in the world, Russia and Turkey alone required passports. And above all, the long peace had developed a great growth of the human spirit - that of confidence and boundless hope...

Then the world stumbled into the Great War and the period of Great Fear settled like a fog upon the human race - to last, perhaps, for generations...with a single spark the evil spirits rose to strangle all reason. The world in a storm of emotion gave way to fear, hate and destruction."

Europe first took the news of the assassination of the Archduke at Sarajevo as just another barbaric lapse in the Balkans. For nearly a month The New York Times refrained from printing any alarming news on its front page; only after continental markets crashed following Austria's ultimatum to Serbia, did New York begin to take the cataclysm seriously.

The Hoovers had engaged passage on the Lusitania sailing from London to New York the middle of August, 1914. But the war came on, and with it Hoover's first relief undertaking - that of helping 70,000 stranded American travellers get home. These people, rich and poor alike,

found themselves suddenly penniless because of the moratorium on bank credits: Letters of credit, traveller's checks, drafts - all were mere printed paper. In his book, Herbert Hoover, The Man and His Work, father states that Hoover "gathered together all his available money and that of American friends and opened a unique bank in London which had no depositers and took in no money, but continuously gave it out against personal checks signed by unknown but American-looking people on unknown banks in Walla Walla and Fresno and Grand Rapids and Dubuque and Emporia and New Bedford..." Now on all these checks and promises to pay amounting to over $1,500,000., just $250. failed to be realized, a striking monument to the honesty of the American school teacher and traveller.

To aid him in the work of turning this enterprise into an orderly operation Hoover summoned a number of young American engineers to London; these men later formed the backbone of the European relief effort following Belgium's call for aid. In the meantime all British sailings to America had been suspended, so American and neutral ships had to be secured for transportation. In the end, over 120,000 troubled Americans from all over Europe were sent home from Hoover's bank.

Father was one of the first men selected by Hoover for the staff of the Belgian Relief; an intimate friendship developed between the two men extending over twenty years until Vernon Kellogg's death.

Herbert Hoover stated in a letter written to Vernon's [redacted] widow in 1938: "When he came to the Belgian Relief we had just set up an arrangement with the German General Staff that we would establish an 'Ambassador' at the headquarters at Charlesville, in Northern France, who would settle with them the constantly new relief problems. Vernon

was fitted for the job, not only because of his knowledge of German and Germany, but by the respect he instantly commanded from all men. It was a mean job, to live in a French village for months, isolated from the world, mean to live wholly with high officers, intent only on war, and it was meaner because of their suspicious and resentful attitude toward any American".

Consequently, in 1915, father was on ~~furlough~~ leave from Stanford to the Headquarters of the Great German General Staff and to the Headquarters of the German Army of Occupation in Belgium. Later, he wrote of his experiences in a slim volume titled Headquarters Nights for which Theodore Roosevelt contributed a foreword. This little book is the record of the conversion of a reasoned pacifist into a supporter of a great war.

The Grosses Hauptquartier was the command station of all the German Armies of the West. It was situated in a small town on the Meuse river where it pours out of a canyon in the Ardennes. "Here were big Von Schoeler, General-Intendant, and the scholarly-looking Von Freytag, General-Quartiermeister, with his unscholarly-looking burly chief of staff, Von Zoellner. Here also were Von Falkenhayn, the Kaiser's Chief of Staff, and sometimes even the All-Highest himself, who never missed the Sunday morning service in the long low corrugated-iron shed which looked all too little like a royal chapel ever to interest a flitting French bomber."

Among officials at the Headquarters there were many strong, keen German militaristic brains - and also a few professed intellectuals who had exchanged, for the moment, academic robes for field-gray army uniforms. The house where father lodged was a favored center of discussion, for Vernon's officer, Graf W., who called father "my American", was an excel-

lent host who served abundant French wine, conveniently arranged for.

At dinner one evening, arguments took place between a Duke who was a veteran of 1870 and very close to the Kaiser, and General Staff officers regarding the Zeppelining of London. His Highness concluded by saying that, in spite of recent successes against the defenseless city, it was a stupid operation without military advantage: "for every miserable woman killed, hundreds, indeed thousands of Englishmen rush into the army to come over to the front and fight us. We are doing their recruiting for them".

A baron turned suddenly to Vernon - "Why is this universal hate of Germany? Why do you Americans hate us?" Father blurted out, "For things like the military advantage of Zeppelining". The Duke did not order Vernon to the firing squad; instead he looked at him steadily and thoughtfully, then gruffly indicated that the company should rise from the table.

Father was most interested in conversations with the German Neo-Darwinian professors who accepted the creed of natural selection based on violent and fatal competitive struggle as the sole really important factor in organic evolution. They relegated the mutual aid principle, or altruism, to limited application within groups. "This struggle not only must go on, for that is the natural law, but it should go on, so that this natural law may work out in its cruel, inevitable way the salvation of the human species. By its salvation is meant its desirable natural evolution. That human group which is in the most advanced evolutionary stage as regards internal organization and form of social relationship is best, and should, for the sake of the species, be preserved at the

expense of the less advanced, the less effective. It should win in the struggle for existence, and this struggle should occur precisely that the various types may be tested, and the best not only preserved, but put in position to impose its kind of social organization - its Kultur - on the others, or alternatively, to destroy and replace them."[6]

This post-Darwinian point of view, of which Weissman, an eminent German biologist was chief exponent, goes much beyond Darwin's own conceptions. Vernon, himself, had always tried to show that the principle of mutual aid, which is found in the character of many kinds of lower animals, had, in the case of man, developed from an unconscious principle into a new important thing - a conscious evolutionary development. He felt that the high development of mutual aid, plus more brain power, plus the existence of something we call spirit or soul - the interaction of all these - was what distinguished man from the other animals and made him human.

One of father's most bitter experiences at Headquarters took place when, a vacancy having occurred on the staff, Vernon was persuaded to accompany certain officers to Leipzig to help select a professor to fill the post. They returned with one of father's former friends, a man Vernon felt and hoped, because of the qualities of his mind, might mitigate the chilling policies at Headquarters. This individual, who daily placed a bunch of field flowers on my father's desk at Charleville, conceived and instigated the deportation of the women and children of the French city of Lille. Just such psychological reversals due to a shift from civilian to military life have been visible in our own times; going hand in hand with a belief in ideological supremacy - a belief that Hoover

rightly counted as one of the prime causes of war.

By 1916, Charlotte Kellogg had followed her husband to Europe as the only woman member of the Relief Committee for Occupied Belgium and France who was allowed inside the "barbed wire ring". She returned to America to speak there and in Canada in support of the Relief and, later, of the Food Administration. My mother was an eloquent and persuasive speaker, appearing on the platform with Ex-President Taft and with Colonel Theodore Roosevelt.

After the Armistice, mother made her way on foot and in disguise back to Brussels where she watched the Germans leave and, on November 22, 1918, the King and Queen return at the head of 30,000 allied troops. She remained several more months to study the effects of war on the lace makers of the country who had in the past, already suffered from long hours and pitiful pay. Hoover had forced an international agreement which permitted the Commission for Relief in Belgium to bring thread for the Lace Committee into Belgium, and further financial aid from America coupled with arrangements to buy lace, kept hope alive for the women and children who depended on this ancient art for their livelihood.

During the war years, my parents became good friends of Cardinal Mercier of Malines. "The Fighting Cardinal" had literally held Belgium together while the King and Queen were absent during the German occupation. A powerful and saintly personality, Mercier was an early advocate of a Universal Church. Recipient of praise and Apostolic Benediction from Pope Benedict XV, the Cardinal was also on exceptionally friendly terms with the British Prelates. His pastoral letters to the Belgian population during the war are monuments of religious fervor and inspired

patriotism.

"Let us acknowledge that we needed a lesson in patriotism. There were Belgians, and many such, who wasted their time and their talents in futile quarrels of class with class, of race with race, of passion with personal passion. Yet when, on the second of August, a mighty foreign power...dared to threaten us in our independence, then did all Belgians...rise up as one man...and cry to the invader: 'Thou shalt not go through!' At once, instantly we are conscious of our own patriotism. For down within us all is something deeper than personal interests, than personal kinships, than party feeling, and this is the need and the will to devote ourselves to that more general interest which Rome termed the public thing, Res Publica. And this profound will within us is patriotism."

When the Cardinal lay on his deathbed at Malines, my mother was one of the few persons standing in the small plain room. Later she told me the place was suddenly suffused with a brilliant blue light as the spiritual aura flared out, was released - and took its flight.

The Commission for Relief in Belgium (the C.R.B. for short) was the first great European relief effort; beginning in 1914, it lasted until 1920. For the four years of actual war, Hoover and his committees secured close to a billion dollars in subsidies from Britain, France, Belgium and America; including world charities to Belgium, sales of food to other nations and free ship charters. Overhead expenditures were kept to one half of one percent. Of all the troubles associated with the enormous undertaking - dealing with governments, securing food and money and the chartering of ships - the battle to secure merchant ships which were

steadily being sunk by German submarines and surface raiders was the fiercest. Early in the war Hoover had secured all suitable Belgian flag merchant ships. The others came from neutral countries at continually increasing rates. Only by continuous and wearing struggle did Hoover and his associates procure the seventy ships needed for a regular C.R.B. fleet protected by Allied and German guarantees of non-molestation by sea-raiders or submarines.

During the first two years a few "accidents" happened in spite of the fifty foot pennants flying from the fleet's mast heads, the huge red and white signal balls atop the masts and the banners of the C.R.B. stretched along the ship's hulls. But rice from Rangoon, corn from Argentina, beans from Manchuria and wheat and meats and fats from America passed through the mine-strewn English Channel and reached the port of Rotterdam at the rate of a hundred thousand tons a month. At Rotterdam, the food was transferred to sealed canal boats and then again to smaller boats and railway cars and horse drawn carts inside steel ringed Belgium and France on its way to the soup kitchens of 5,000 communes in those two countries. The food, of course, was absolutely restricted to the civil population.

Then, in early 1917, the Germans expanded the so-called prohibited ocean zones where they conducted unrestricted submarine warfare against all boats to include the entire English Channel and the North Sea. This cut off any access to Rotterdam, but it also cut off Holland from all shipping. Between American pressure and that of Holland, a narrow "safe" zone was arranged from the Dutch coast north to near Norway, thence northwest to the Faroe Islands and out into the Atlantic beyond the barred zone. In some places this zone was only twenty miles wide, with mines

and submarines on either side. Through this lane, haunted by North Sea fogs, the skippers of the C.R.B. continued their hazardous mission until after the end of the war.

Slipping back and forth across the Atlantic in camouflaged and darkened convoys, my parents still managed to keep in touch with members of their families in America. In 1917, Vernon came home on leave, visited his parents in Lawrence and travelled to Emporia to see William Allen White. That same year, General Funston died a peaceful death in San Antonio where he and his troops were stationed on the Mexican border. His death was the first in the group from Kansas University who meant so much to Vernon and Will.

During these war years I lived in Piedmont with my mother's younger sister, my aunt Regula. Her daughter, Regula, a slender olive-complexioned girl close to my age, was, like myself, an only child. We grew to be more sisters than cousins, a relationship continued to the present day. My aunt, a divorcee, was teaching at a fashionable Piedmont school. She had had little time to win academic degrees, but the school's headmistresses saw in their teacher's gift for science, love of the out-doors and ability to inspire tremendous enthusiasm in the young, decided assets to their curriculum.

Regula and I regularly visited our beloved Swiss grandmother who lived higher up in the Piedmont hills. Her gentle admonitions must have helped to keep her mischievous grandchildren in line. "Grammy" settled on nick-names for each of us - "Dickie-Bird" for Regula, "Honey-Bee" for myself. I had already acquired another: after seeing me scamper over Stanford fields chasing a long-eared rabbit, father and Mr. Hoover

both called me "Rabbit". That name stuck in spite of our respectively advancing ages.

Occasionally mother found time to visit California. Once she wanted to take me to the Carmel cabin for a quiet reunion. She wired her friend and caretaker, John Hilliard, as follows: "Understand skunk under our house can you induce boy or dog at any price to murder skunk stop arriving Monday with Jean would not trouble you but those in charge have allowed skunk to rule cabin for six months. Charlotte Kellogg"

This evidence of my mother's firmness may well help to explain her heroic survival throughout life's emergencies. It was a firmness I did not wholly inherit.

Neither of my uncles married, perhaps the better to care for their frail mother. They were consequently indulgent toward their two neices. My uncle Carl, a brilliant newspaper man, worked under his friend, Fremont Older, on the old San Francisco Call-Bulletin. While my cousin and I were growing up, Carl was developing his important library of Californiana: being helped in this by the well known historians and book collectors, John Howell and his son, Warren, who maintained a world-renowned bookshop on San Francisco's Post Street.

Carl was an intellectual and a sceptic: his favorite authors - Voltaire, Anatole France and Mark Twain. My mother loved him deeply, and for my cousin Regula, he provided the fatherly care and personal affection she needed beyond that of her mother and grandmother.

Our uncle Martin was a candy manufacturer of note. When the family had moved from Point Arena to the San Francisco Bay Region, he made - and then sold on street corners - small bags of candy that earned

extra dollars for his ailing mother. Martin had the Swiss gift for business and Swiss thoroughness in his craft. For fifteen years a huge electric sign in downtown Oakland flashed and blinked from the top of my uncle's building. It portrayed the debonnair character of Peanut Andy, fashioned from chunks of peanut candy, smiling and bowing beneath a three pointed cap - the trademark of a confection famous throughout the West.

Remote from war, my cousin and I were quite happy. My parents' activities seemed far away except when we dressed in costume for a fair in San Francisco's Union Square to help raise money for the Belgian Relief.

Far from California in the inferno that was Europe, watching the haze of smoke clouds from burning towns and listening to the wailing of hungry children, father must have been pondering his belief in Evolution. Later he remarked to me that Evolution was peculiar in that it was impossible to determine just where one was with respect to it; one was either behind or in front of where one appeared to be.

In this case, was Homo sapiens BEYOND WAR?

THE PICTURE CHANGES

Herbert Hoover was thrust into four distinct crises after America went into the war. They were world crises and, as Hoover's associate, my father was drawn farther and farther from Stanford University toward world responsibilities.

The first crisis occurred in April of 1917; President Wilson sent a message through Colonel House and Hugh Gibson (then Secretary of the American Legation in Brussels) asking that Hoover return to America to coordinate agricultural war policies in the United States. Hoover was not to be a food dictator as the German and British food ministers were, but a food administrator for one hundred million people unaccustomed to government interference with their personal affairs; above all, of their affairs of stomach and pocketbook, their affairs of personal habit and private business.

Wilson, a Democrat, wished to avoid the appearance of assuming dictatorial powers, yet Hoover persuaded him that a board would not be adequate, that a single administrator must be put in charge - namely, himself. The President agreed, though with a troubled mind, for he had set up all other war agencies under boards or commissions.

The spectacle of the Quaker individualist persuading a democratic President to assume more power, or at least to delegate it to an individual is enlightening; the argument ran that an individual could secure voluntary action in America and so avoid prussianizing the country. The term Administrator for the head of an Administration was first

S. B. F. (letter)
" To Jean Oct. 18, 1940

Yes, you will see Robin and Una shortly. Poor Robin dreads it so. It is a terrible ordeal for him but they can not refuse the money. I fear he will not be a great success. He does not read well. He can not enunciate clearly. Shyness covers up his words. I wish they would merely have him appear and let Una do the reading."

proposed and then used by Hoover in the Food Administration. My godfather, Duncan Mc/Duffie, was chosen to assist on the executive side, while father served on the nutritional and statistical staff.

During the Food Administration experience, a second crisis arose when England, in a desperate cry for help, informed Hoover that it could not assure its people and the Allies enough food to win the war unless America could find and send 75,000,000 bushels of wheat over and above our previous exports and the total Canadian surplus. All our surplus had already gone to the Allies, but no cry for help that went up in the whole war attracted more attention among the American people than the appeal that Hoover sent out, reinforced by President Wilson's proclamation to the same end. The food that would otherwise have been on American plates was put on ships that threaded their way across the submarine-infested Atlantic, and when all was done we had sent the Allies 10,000,000 bushels more than was asked and the threatened breakdown of the Allied effort was averted.

Since kitchens were largely the province of women, the first appeal for food saving was made primarily to the American housewife. Mary Austin had always concerned herself with the social role of women - including primitive women of the American Indian tribes. She urged father to bring some of her ideas on food control to the attention of the Administration and to have them implemented. Her importunities became increasingly insistent; father answered all of them, usually in his own hand.

November 11, 1917

" Dear Mary:

You have the idea (your letter of October 17) that Hoover and the rest of us are dead set against something - or somebodies - an idea that is going to drive the Food Administration on the rocks. Well we - I really ought not to use the word any longer until I get back to Washington - let us say then, well Hoover hasn't any such attitude. He adds up, weighs and balances, the information and advice and suggestions that come to him from all sides and makes, as he has to, some decision to serve as a working basis, and last until he is convinced that the decision and method of work needs modifying - and then he really modifies..."

Letters from Mary Austin to Herbert Hoover occasionally found their way to father's desk to await appropriate reply; although Mary developed her own personal relationship with the Hoovers over the years. Matters discussed concerned food propaganda on New York City's east side, attempts to influence the food habits among the hard struggling people of Chicago and other similar centers of extreme complexity, difficulty and delicacy.

Writing to Mary, father complained of weariness and expressed the wish that he and my mother could get away to Carmel for "a week outdoors and no speaking - playing with Jean". For all of us the picture was changing. The constant shift from academic life to critical areas of public service made it clear to Vernon that he must finally resign his Stanford position.

After the Armistice, a further crisis arose: immediate assistance had to be given to the new states which we had helped to create - Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia - and the liberated peoples such as the Armenians; while the European Allies were in almost as bad a way as our

Europe meant, in addition to sending in food, straightening out transportation, getting coal mines going, and the starting up of direct exchange of commodities among the unevenly supplied countries.

One of the countries helped by the American Relief Administration was Russia. The Russian author, Maxim Gorky, appealed to Hoover in 1921 for aid in the stupendous famine in the Ukraine and the valley of the Volga. In return for the release of a hundred American prisoners who were in Russian dungeons, and only two months after the receipt of Gorky's letter, the first meals of imported food were being served in Kazan. Hoover dispatched my father and former Governor James P. Goodrich of Indiana to further look into the situation. Their report disclosed an appalling condition affecting fifteen to twenty million adults and children.

Some of the Czarist gold with which the Soviet Government had been subsidizing revolution over the world was given to Hoover to swell the American Fund. Like the feeding of the conquered Germans, this effort was not popular with the American people, but it showed that in the field of war - if not in politics - Hoover remained true to his original nature of bold and brilliant philanthropist.

Mother spent 1920 in Europe visiting Poland, France, Belgium and Italy, and made a survey of conditions in Austria and Yugo-Slavia. Father wrote Mary Austin from Washington -

" Dear Mary:

Charlotte is on the water on her way across now. Thank heaven she is safely out of Eastern Europe where anything may happen at any time. I am being asked and urged to go over to Europe this summer but I want to go to California - really must help clear up our affairs

there preparatory to settling in Washington. Hope to see you again soon.

Sincerely,

Vernon Kellogg "

Vernon's apprehensions about Charlotte's safety were not unfounded; the river boat on which she was descending the Danube hit an obstruction in the middle of the night and threatened to sink. Mother always carried a small Sterno kit in her travel bag consisting of a can of solidified alcohol for fuel, and a folding metal stand and pan for boiling water. She managed to carry these up the dark companionway to the slanting deck; there, she brewed coffee to raise the spirits of the captain and crew. After makeshift repairs at dawn, the little craft righted itself and got safely to shore.

Possibly because of the uncertainties of extended travel, mother decided to make a gesture toward a more stable future; that fall she made an agreement to purchase an acre of land in the Carmel Highlands, a coastal area south of the town of Carmel. This was the first of several such acquisitions by my parents which resulted in our moving from "over-crowded Carmel" to the northern edge of the old Spanish land grants of the Central California coastline between Monterey and Big Sur. My parents were more attracted to this pioneer region than to the sophisticated preserve of Pebble Beach where several wealthy San Francisco families had already established themselves on the north shore of Carmel Bay. The Highlands was a wild stretch of flower-strewn leas and pine woods lying along the base of the Coast Range mountains and jutting out into the Pacific in a series of dramatic headlands; Point Lobos with its trees

resembling the cedars of Lebanon is the most famous of these.

Our property was purchased from J. F. Devendorf, associate of Frank Powers, and who had formed the Carmel Villas Company. Although the land had been scientifically surveyed, the lines frequently took off from a convenient pine tree, proceeding thence to some other natural landmark such as a creek-bed. Untold legal difficulties arose as Nature shifted her own boundaries with the passage of time.

Those Coast Range acres were to set the tone of my earliest years; later, I would measure all the important events of my life against their power and beauty.

Father went out to California to settle his affairs before returning to Washington to accept the position of Permanent Secretary of the newly organized National Research Council. He never returned to academic life.

Due to the stimulus of the World War, The National Research Council had been established in Washington D.C. by the National Academy of Sciences. Originally organized to align the scientific research of the country to work on war problems, the Council was transformed by Executive order into a permanent body charged with promoting scientific research and its applications for the benefit of the national strength and well-being - functions it continues to carry out today.

Contact with men like Dr. George Ellery Hale, Director of the Mount Wilson Observatory of the Carnegie Institution, and other imaginative men of science made Vernon further appreciate the importance of what he had learned from the Germans. Out of the experiences and revel-

ations of war had come a great stimulus to the development of science in America as well as in several other nations. These nations lost no time in setting up new organizations for the purpose of bringing some degree of planning and collaboration into the individualistic creative atmosphere of pure scientific research.

The American Research Council differs markedly in the character of its organization from its Canadian, British, Australian, Japanese and Italian counterparts - the latter all government supported and to some extent government controlled. The American Council, partly government supported in war-time, is largely maintained by other than governmental sources, and is entirely controlled by its own democratically chosen officers. It keeps close fellowship with government scientific bureaus and enjoys the formal recognition of the major scientific and technical societies of the country.

A series of important divisions compose the Council; arranged in two groups: Science and Technology, and General Relations; each division includes lesser groups and committees with special subjects of attention.

Besides his permanent position as Secretary, Vernon was made Chairman of the Agricultural Division, Chairman of the Division of Educational Relations, member of the Division of States Relations, Vice-Chairman of the Division of Foreign Relations and member of the Research Information Service. These positions he held for varying lengths of time, and to further advance the development of the Council, served on the Executive Committees of the Rockefeller Foundation and the American Association for the Advancement of Science; these duties plus trusteeships for other

scientific institutions here and abroad constituted a staggering work load.

Physicist Robert Millikan said of his friend: "Vernon Lyman Kellogg, through his tireless work and continuous series of literary contributions to the country's journals, exerted a potent influence upon the evolution of America's scientific life during an important period in the nation's history".

Our first Washington home was a small apartment on Massachusetts Avenue. Here, mother entertained, as best she could, the many distinguished persons associated with her husband's work. The new responsibilities in Washington did not, however, diminish my parents' interest in Europe, and in 1921, father agreed that mother should take me to view the devastated regions of Belgium and Northern France.

We reached the northern French provinces in November; squads of soldiers were making their way across now silent battlefields, lifting barbed wire entanglements, searching for unexploded bombs and mines. Each time one of these was detonated, an orange flare lit up the leaden clouds overhead. In the Chemin des Dames region, we were met by the "Maires" of the ruined towns. Tears streaming down their cheeks, they handed us baskets of winter violets. We travelled in a flower-filled motor, moving from one sad welcome to another through a vast desolation unchanged after three years. If my parents had wished to impress me with the horrors of war, they had succeeded - it was a picture I was not to forget.

At Bellignies we visited the Princesses de Ligne and de Croy.

During the war the two women had hidden escaped British soldiers in a tower of their chateau and forged the necessary passports to get them across the Dutch border. Princess de Croy, disguised as a peasant, had carried food in a wheelbarrow to other allied soldiers escaped from German prisoner lines into the surrounding forest. The day the Germans came to search the chateau, the Princess - warned by some instinct - removed the false papers from their customary place in her paint box and place them under the cushion of her dog's bed. The dog, whose name was Victoria, usually barked at Germans. That day it kept silent, never moving from its basket. After a thorough search which included the paint box but not the dog's bed, the Germans left.

Another woman working in the same way was foolish enough to carry on her person a list of all the women helping the Allied soldiers. She was found and searched by a German officer. Princess de Croy was arrested and scheduled to be shot after Edith Cavell. She was sent to prison but the advent of the Armistice prevented her execution.

At home, one tragic event occurred that year that intimately touched my parents; a letter from the Emporia Gazette arrived for father; it described the sudden death of William Allen White's daughter, Mary, following a fall from her horse. I had never met Mary, but I knew she would have been only seventeen. I quote part of this remarkable letter for the light it sheds on the character of "The Sage of Emporia", and on the friendship he preserved with my parents.

Dickie

June 3, 1921

"My dear Vernon

I have not been able to answer the kind messages that you and Charlotte sent until now...But someway I wanted to talk to you and Charlotte from my heart.

I am enclosing you herewith a short article that I wrote the day after Mary's funeral. It may interest you to know that this article has been copied by newspapers all over the country. As nearly as I can figure out it has gone out in papers aggregating a total subscription of two and a half million, probably a wider circulation than anything that has ever been published in the Gazette. And I cannot help feeling that some place along the line her life has reached out and touched other lives through this article and I hope it has touched them for good. That immortality is sure. And it heals my sorrow somewhat to know that I helped her to that wide influence...

I suppose that at a time like this, more than at any other time in life, the problem of immortality is thrust into a man's consciousness. Curiously enough the question does not give me any serious disturbance. The things I know about immortality are vastly more important to me than the things I don't know. I do know that if Mary is conscious she is happy, because she is useful. She would not be happy unless she were useful. If she is not conscious, if this is the end, she has been happy and useful, and that is enough. This, of course, is pure logic. And in one's calmer daylight moments, that is enough. But there come times when logic and reason and sanity will not suffice. And at such times I see the heaps of ashes that such a little time ago were hopes and aspirations and dreams and all the warp upon which one builds the structure of one's future. And to have that turn suddenly to ashes is a saddening thing. It is grossly selfish. I never mourn for Mary. But Sallie and I do spend a good deal of time mourning for ourselves in a rather grossly carnally selfish manner. That is the essence of grief.

I suppose all grief must be selfish. And all joy that is of the right sort, that is to say, the pleasure that comes from adding a little bit, even a microscopic little bit to man's social inheritance, that kind of joy must in the nature of things be unselfish. So as I feel, and as Sallie has come to feel, the next phase of life is not so important as this life.

I wanted to say all these things to you and that is why I have been so long in replying. We are both standing on our feet and are not beating our fists against the wars of fate nor have we lost faith in the goodness of God and the general decency of men because of one small accident which makes our lot the common lot of all.

Sincerely yours,
WILL"